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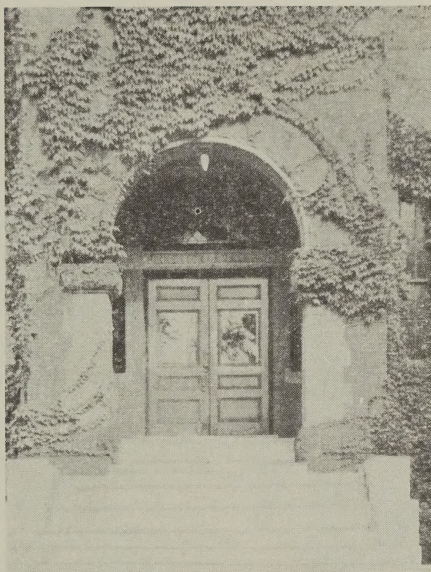
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EDITORIAL



SPRING

So it's spring again. That season of the year that not only heralds the coming of the fertility of the earth—but of the awakening of human beings' senses to the fact that we are alive—not only to perform certain daily tasks, nor to promote through mental activity certain results that will effect our financial and social status; these aren't the things one is inclined to be aware of in the spring. But what most of us like to do is to sit back and enjoy the common gift we have of life—that gift which we share with the birds, trees, and the flowers, and so on through the usual spring categories in all of which we again, as in past years, find a new interest because of their blossoming forth to start life anew.

Often this is called laziness—or spring fever, and is generally and outwardly looked down upon. This should not be so. Why should anyone belittle the fact that one wants to relax and listlessly bask in the sunshine or be out of doors in the freshness of the new season?

After all— isn't the rest of the year rapidly spent in pursuits, scholarly, commercial, and otherwise, that are only made possible by the mere fact that we have life itself in our bodies? During this time we may get into a rut; spend too much time in materialistic gains;—do a lot of rushing around and get all tangled up mentally and physically. What we need then is a diversion—a chance to relax and get poetic. Can you think of a better way than that of nature's inflicting upon us a desire for blissful inertia?

So spend a little time in this Spring season really enjoying living—looking around—and observing the wonders of nature. They really are there, you know. And perhaps—perhaps a good case of spring fever would be just the thing for you.

The Editor

LITERARY SECTION

WHERE BOBBY HUNG A MOTTO

Bobby had seen mottoes hanging in his father's office. Father had told him that these short sentences often speeded up the whole business of his day. Sometimes they kept the office force in good humor.

"Hm-m," thought Bobby on the way home, "I wish I had a place where I could hang mottoes. Maybe I wouldn't have so many quarrels with the boys. Maybe I could do my work better and have more fun."

Then one day Bobby found a splendid motto. His motto was the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Bobby didn't know where he could hang this motto, but he did want it hung somewhere, so he could read it anytime of day. Suddenly he had an idea. He would hang the motto in his head. He could hang it in his head and never forget it.

When he went to push Ted in the mud, he remembered. He did as he would want Ted to do to him. When he wanted to eat his whole apple while his little sister stood there begging him for half, he remembered to share. Why, that one motto worked almost anywhere!

Gladys Watts '42

A RECORD OF MY DIARY

Monday, February 13, 1939

Everything started off wrong today! Mother left town for the week and appointed me official housekeeper. . . . I'm such a marvelous cook that Dad could hardly tackle my meals without a forced smile! I clipped menus from the Boston Post and endeavored to plan my meals accordingly but Laddie just hasn't that "domestic touch". Dad made it all the worse by giving me that sympathetic glance which I certainly won't stand for!!

Tuesday, February 14, 1939

I overslept this morning and when I hurriedly rushed down stairs, Dad was sitting at the breakfast table calmly reading the morning paper with an appetizing plate of bacon and eggs before him. He offered to teach me his cooking technique. In the afternoon I got a valentine from an unknown admirer and am I anxious to know who that bright chap is! Why, he's got good taste. . . . Now I'd better put down my pen.

Wednesday, February 15, 1939

At school I stumbled through a Sales exam feebly and to top that Mr. Wheelock asked me to report at 2:30 for being so "confoundedly garrulous!" I almost forgot to mention that Perk wrote an awfully nice poem about an "open fireplace" which was quite sentimental. I guess it's the dreamer in him.

Thursday, February 16, 1939

This afternoon after school I vacuumed the living room, complimenting myself nicely, when the wind came down the chimney and blew the fireplace ashes all over the living room rug. Of course after this mishap our minister got the religious idea of calling on Dad and me and I'm afraid he got a wrong idea of my housekeeping. Oh well—such is life.

Friday, February 17, 1939

Woke up feeling rather angelic this morning as I went to church last night to hear the Irish evangelist, Mr. Turkington. Besides giving a very impressive sermon he played the trumpet and sang. The service meant a great deal to me and I intend to profit by it. I also started to write a poem entitled "*Memories*". I'm hoping Miss Billings will have "pleasant" ones after she reads it!

Arlene Ladd '39

A SPECTATOR'S VIEW OF THE 1938 HURRICANE

How well I remember that windy, rainy afternoon of Wednesday, September 21, 1938. I was delayed at school for some reason or other and at about 3:30 my girl friend and I started on our mile walk to town. My friend carried an umbrella but the wind blew so furiously and unexpectedly at times that we decided to save the paraşol and weather the rain and wind ourselves. The sky did look alarming! For several days it had been this way, one never knowing what to expect when he awoke in the morning.

It wasn't until I reached my Grandmother's that I really became alarmed. It wasn't just some childish fear as everyone else on the street was gazing up at the onrushing clouds with great anxiety. My Grandmother greeted me and tried not to act frightened, but she couldn't fool me! My Father had gone to Boston on business and wasn't expected home until about supper time. This made matters all the worse for us.

I went out to the drug store and got the evening papers as usual and met a neighbor who stayed with me until my Mother could come down after us in the car. Many people were clinging to each other on the sidewalks and some were even down on their hands and knees to keep from being blown away with the gale!

We reached home without difficulty save a few times when the car tried to get into the gutter, rather, the wind tried to make it. We rushed into the house to make sure everything was safe. No sooner had we closed windows and doors than they banged open again. The wind howled so loudly we felt sure the house would cave in. After only a few minutes my father called saying the traveling had gotten so bad he decided to come home. After several minutes he was home again and we sat down to a good supper which was eaten with very little relish I can tell you!

Just before dark we noticed that a Real Estate sign owned by my father, up at the corner just a few steps from the house was on the verge of collapse. We took nails and a hammer and did our best to make the big sign secure so that it would stay in place during the night. It seemed like an everlasting process. Everytime a gust of wind came along, it nearly blew us over and the sign on top of us. The job wouldn't have been so bad had there not been a huge tree standing right over the spot where I was struggling with the sign. "Of course that big tree won't fall!" they told me. Within two hours from the time we left the spot, that tree had been uprooted and partly crushed the sign.

Going into our house I noticed our next-door neighbor standing with her little boy on her porch. She was naturally frightened as her husband wasn't at home and she felt that anything could happen. My brother, sister and myself offered to stay with her until her husband could come home. In about an hour we received word that her father-in-law's barn roof had partly blown off and that he would have to stay and help repair it.

At approximately 9:00 her husband came home, bundled his family into his car and drove down to his folks' home.

We went home and amused ourselves as best we could under the rays of kerosene lamps and candles to which we were very unaccustomed. We had

almost convinced my father to go down-town after my two aunts and grandmother, but the fear of falling trees and live wires kept him from going.

How the wind blew! The windows rattled and the walls squeaked. We were, however, very fortunate that our telephone did not go out of order during the storm. There was no water as we have an electric pump but who wanted any on such an exciting night? Crossword puzzles were fun that evening but no school work was done.

I was the first to hear a young man at the door who had been trying to get his car through the dirt road beyond our house and wanted an axe. One man before them had abandoned his car because of the trees blocking the road and had gone on ahead by foot. My father and brother went up with him to try to be of some help. They wanted to get out in the storm more than anything else, I guess.

The wind calmed down. At about 11:30 my folks decided it was safe to go to bed. Just to be sure I'd be prepared for any emergency, I kept my ski pants and stockings on, taking off only my shoes. From the time my mother had answered: "No, I shouldn't think there'd be any school tomorrow, Mary", and my head touched the pillow, I remembered nothing of that dreadful hurricane until I awoke the next morning.

But there was school the next morning much to my dismay. As soon as possible after breakfast I went out to see what our farm looked like. We were none the worse except for some fruit and maple trees which had gone over during the night. Yes, and there were a few shingles off the barn roof. But oh dear! There on the hill back of our house lay the remains of the little playhouse in which we had had so many good times! A small table lay upside down and dishes and chairs were strewn all over the ground! After this vision of how cruel the night had been I walked back to the house and started to school.

My friend and I got there especially early that morning and a group of us went out to view Derry Village. It was about the same everywhere. Trees were down across the streets or else they had gone through houses; windows were broken; and in some places the sidewalk had come right up out of its foundation. Never before had such a horrible disaster struck Derry and we'll pray it never does again.

No one thought much about studies the rest of that week, at least not the students. A great deal of time was spent looking over the wreckage and taking pictures of the storm. Yes, it was a hurricane, and a big one!

Mary Young '41

AN APOLOGY FOR THOSE WHO DISLIKE RAINY WEATHER

A Northeaster arrived last night and upon awakening we find we are whipped with wind and rain.

This morning is by general agreement a nasty day. But I am not certain that I am in accord with that idea. If I were the newsboy on the corner, I would not like the rain, because my shelter, a shelter only by name, would drop water on my sales. There is no excuse why a painter would like this day, unless he is a lazy person who hunts for a cause to remain in bed. But why

should the telephone operators be so set against the rain? They are warm and dry as long as the building stands. And also why should we see the disgusted faces of people pressed against the windows with an apparent disapproval?

To be sure, there is much more comedy on the streets when the wind is singing and the rain is dancing, than under a fair, sleepy sky.

We who revel in wet, windy days are of considerable quota, and we are not heard in public because of the noise of the grumbling minority.

Thin folk hold on at corners; fat folks waddle before the onslaught of the wind.

Hats sail blissfully away and then are carried, as if for a purpose, on routes of their own choice.

Persons with umbrellas, proceed like turtles, nor can we realize until now what adventure the seemingly helpless umbrella holds in secret. A long stowage of muffins and chocolate bars are the only substitute for an anchor.

Although the one who pursues, rather tragically, his hat is conscious of his comic role and although all spectators are being efficiently amused, still it must not be gathered that all the humor rises from ill-luck.

If there is a tangle in traffic, it is only a jest. Then this is the sign that only good-natured persons are abroad, those who always retain some humor and like the storm, and when the ominous clouds showed their hoofs all dismal folks rushed for shelter.

And if we like summer and spring rains why don't we like November rains? A November rain is only an August rain with a beard. And the November wind which sang soprano in May now sings baritone.

If the wind tugs at you, it only seeks a pal as in sport, or if it celebrates, who cares that it may topple a chimney as a prank.

Even so rainy weather has an evil name. But Noah is to blame for the distaste, because it was he who first in history was anxious to see the storm subside even though all of the others were playing among themselves.

If a rainy day lacks the sun, it has instead, a backbone. There is so great an amount of life on damp, windy days.

Yesterday the smoke from the chimneys drifted straight up, but today it is the triumphant banner of the storm, much torn and bedraggled.

Donald MacGregor '40

THE TOP OF THE LADDER

During a short vacation one summer, I journeyed to a small town in northern New Hampshire, where my mother had been born. It was an impulsive trip, but I really had a definite purpose in traveling to this quiet spot. My grandmother had just died, leaving me the family home and possessions to use or to dispose of, and the vacation coming so opportunely, I decided to take advantage of a chance to visit such an interesting place.

I arrived on a Monday morning and I was taken to the house by Jonathan MacDougall, my grandmother's old friend, who seemed very happy to see me and who begged me not to sell the home which had been in our family for such a long time. Rather pityingly, however, I explained that the house could not

possibly be of any use to me, living and working so far from it, and that the only thing to do was to sell it.

At length we arrived at the house, a simple, homely structure, erected by my great-great-grandfather in 1673 when the settlement was first started.

Within, the house was just as ancient as the outside was, but comforting and restful in its immaculate simplicity. There were four rooms in the house, two downstairs and two on an upper floor, which was reached by a ladder.

After eating my luncheon I wandered around the living room, discovering some of the most gorgeous pieces of china and pewter I have ever seen. Beautiful crocheted doilies, tablecloths, and curtains, hooked rugs and hand woven blankets made this room a thing of magnificent memories and vivid pictures for the imagination.

After I had seen these wonders of the living room, I decided to explore the upper rooms, and mounted the ladder.

In the room which I entered when I reached the top of the ladder, were the things which finally decided the question which I had been debating since my early morning entry to the house. In one corner was the cradle, which I immediately recognized as the one in which my mother lay as a child, from a picture which hung in our home in Massachusetts. Near it was a small chair in which sat a handsome doll, hand carved from wood and painted by grandfather. In the wall hung a sampler made by mother when she was five years old and beneath it, on a little table, was a group of pictures drawn by mother which were comical in their obvious lack of detail. Soon I began to realize that it was beginning to get dark and to my amazement I found that I had spent a whole afternoon in this enjoyable, interesting room without once remembering the outside world.

I descended to the lower room and with a great feeling of contentment swelling up within me, I vowed never to part with this pleasant home.

At present I occupy the family home in a small New Hampshire village which was left me by my grandmother. I am very glad I didn't part with it and that I reached the top of the ladder and discovered my dear mother's childhood possessions and learned to understand why she had always spoken of the old home with loving reverence.

Marilyn Smith '40

THE PALACE OF DREAMS

Wandering far in the realms of imagination I entered the land of Book Palace. I could hardly neglect the opportunity to explore the Palace so I approached the Golden Gates. There in bold letters were written the well known words: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." So knock I did. And it was opened. Still I could see no one who might have opened the Gate. Perhaps it was the ghost of the "Haunted Bookshop".

I walked up the long pathway to the "Green Door." I went in without knocking this time, and there in the hall I found "Much Ado About Nothing".

Then I realized that each thing in Bookland Palace represented a book.

Opening one door, I found to my disappointment and dismay that it was

musty and untidy. Suddenly something moved in a corner hidden in part by cobwebs. It was—"Daddy Longlegs."

But in order to see the Palace grounds before nightfall I looked for a sign to direct me to the exit. Finally I spied one saying "Westward Ho". So west I went, through the "Northwest Passage" and into "The Green Pastures". Then crossing "The Bridge of San Luis Rey", over the "Dark River" where "The Buccaneer" spied on the unfortunate seamen, I came into "My Garden of Memory" and gazed about me. At the further end of the garden stood the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Night was drawing nigh, so I followed "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" back to the land of reality and "Home Sweet Home".

Mary Dorman '41

AUNT HELEN BUYS A NEW HAT

I have to shudder when I recall the happenings of the past week, for I am still held in a position, by the family, lower than I thought I would ever be. It all came about this way.

My Aunt Helen, who has lived with us for ten or twelve years, has worn the same hat, summer and winter, ever since she first came into the family. Now this would not be too disgraceful if it had not been for the shape and color of the hat. It was a kettle shaped piece of material, dyed a scarlet red once but now faded to a pink, with a feather of an unknown color jutting out of the crown, and it had been trimmed so many times that there was little but the quill left. We were all, (except Aunt Helen) more or less ashamed to be seen in the vicinity of the hat. Aunt Helen had half a dozen more attractive hats in her wardrobe but she scorned them all except this devilish looking thing.

It was useless to try and persuade her to discard the hat and get a new one because she wouldn't even listen to us. This had been going on for twelve years until one day I was given the task of painting the woodwork in the hall where coats and hats were hung. Accidentally or otherwise, I will not say, but in some manner, a can of paint was spilled on Aunt Helen's red hat. I doubt if Aunt Helen ever truthfully forgave me for that mishap, but that is neither here nor there. Now that it became necessary for the hat to be replaced, Aunt Helen said that she was going into town and pick one out by herself.

There were anxious and curious minutes from the time she left till she returned. When we heard her footsteps on the porch, I went to the door to let her in. Some say I swooned and some say I was in a trance but what ever it was I know it was not natural to me, for when I opened the door, there stood Aunt Helen in the same red hat (or so I thought).

When we finally got the story from Aunt Helen, it went this way. She was going from shop to shop trying on hats when she happened to glance in a store window where a rummage sale was taking place. What did she see but a duplicate of her old red hat. It was such a fit and such a bargain, that she just had to buy. Now you see why the family "had it in" for me for shattering their highest hopes.

Peirce Woodward '41

THE LONE STRANGER

The world was quite a place, he decided. A five dollar bill and a two bit piece between himself and the other place. He'd probably be broke again in a few days, but even that wasn't any longer a novelty. That last job had lasted exactly six months—just like all the others, a racket for political mobsters. The job went to the ones that voted. And he didn't vote. He hadn't been old enough when the thing called depression came along and made a dignified bum out of him. . . . He was twenty-eight now and still a free-lancer. . . . Better thumb that car coming over the hill. Well at last some Samaritan was going to give him a lift.

"Going as far as Sedalia?"

"Yeah", said the driver. "But I've a call to make first. I'm a doctor. Maternity case. You can get out where I turn off the highway, or if you'd rather take the chance, you can wait—I may not be tied up long. Anyway it isn't far from the pavement."

"O.K. by me Doc. My name's Frost—John Frost. Some folks make a joke out of it. Call me Jack, you know. But that's O.K., I'm sort of a frosty person."

That usually went over good, but this guy was different. Difficult to fathom these professional men.

"My name's Simon"—silence—"Live around here?"

"No."

"Know anything about the country—farms and that sort of thing?"

"Only what I see from the highway." The doctor looked slightly amused.

"The errant knight, I gather?"

"Quite."

Both men were silent until the doctor self-consciously took up another conversational angle.

"It's—uh—been kind of tough around here—I mean the depression and then the drought. Talk about poverty in the cities! They don't know anything, with their charity funds, and free medicinal clinics. This community's too poverty stricken to do anything about it."

"Yeah", said Jack Frost. What difference did all this make to him? He felt something like a Communist at a Board of Directors Meeting.

"Well, Frost, old man, here we are", the doctor announced. They pulled up in a yard where a few scrawny chickens were scratching. A mangy dog ran out and barked.

"Come on in," the doctor advised. "I may need you. Emergency, perhaps".

Jack Frost entered reluctantly. There were two rooms, not really rooms, mere partitions. The door they entered led into what apparently was a combination kitchen, dining room, and living quarters. Now there was a bed in it. A young woman lay there. Jack Frost looked at her. He had seen the same look once in the eyes of a dog mangled by a motor car.

The man who met them at the door—a young fellow, yet somehow inexpressively old, looked sick himself. There was a certain hopelessness about

the way he carried himself. Frost felt like shaking the vacancy from his eyes.

"The kids are in bed in the other room," he dully told them. "They got bad throats. I had to move Bette in here."

The apology in his eyes! Jack Frost's eyes moved from the speaker's face around the room. The floor was bare. The bed was the kind that folded to make a couch in the day time. A three-legged table careened drunkenly against the wall. A make-shift wash stand held a tin pail of water and a washbasin. Above it hung a dime store mirror.

There was a whimper in the adjoining room. The father hurried in.

"He'll be no good to me", the doctor muttered. "Light the stove Jack. Fill the dishpan there with water and put it on to boil."

Jack Frost found himself obeying the explicit orders. Somehow he rather liked the feeling of being necessary to someone. Suffering humanity and that sort of thing.

"She ought to be in a hospital", the doctor whispered when he handed Jack a lot of glistening implements to sterilize in the dishpan. "But that'd take an ambulance and hospitals mean money. . . . We'll have to make out the best we can".

"Yeah", but Jack Frost didn't say it in quite the same manner as he had on the road.

"Well Jack", the doctor said six hours later as they crawled wearily into his car, "how'd you like playing mid-wife?"

Jack Frost didn't answer. Something in his throat hurt. And he'd figured he knew what grief was! Not even enough to eat in the shack. He didn't say much the rest of the way to Sedalia. He didn't have to ask if there were any jobs in the town. The doctor volunteered there weren't as they reached the outskirts.

The lights of Sedalia were beginning to twinkle in the distance as they neared the town. Jack Frost felt rather detached. Those twinkling lights might have been friendly but they rather bespoke of the security and permanency of those who lived there, not a stranger. He aroused himself with a start as the doctor spoke.

"Broke?" he asked, stopping with screeching brakes at his home.

"Not exactly".

"Use a dollar?"

Jack considered for a moment.

"I don't suppose you'll ever be paid for that call tonight."

"I will if the family's ever able to pay it".

Jack Frost waved the dollar away. His fingers still ached from the way the woman had gripped his hands.

"So long, Doc," he said. He fingered the lone quarter in his pocket. Hardly enough for a meal, but he'd manage.

Then he thought of something—it made him smile secretively to himself. He wondered what the guy would think when he found the five dollar bill on the rickety kitchen table.

A WINTER IDYL

Lazily I trudged up, up to the very peak of the hill, until I reached the little white chapel basking on its summit. Throwing myself down onto the steps my eyes followed the horizons north, south, east, and west. From the historic old Presbyterian church which the founders of our village built and used for worship, the grass grows green to the very border of the burying ground, "where Prince and Pauper find one common level". And with a feeling of deepest reverence I gaze upon the great gray slabs of stone markers, making dear the very ground where lie the first founders of our town.

To the west, against a background of mountain peaks, the little village sprawls itself over acres of good farmlands. If one were never to be fortunate enough to visit the Alps, with little imagination they could picture their beauty in the snow covered caps of Monadnock, The Peterboros, Joe English, Uncanonuc and numbers of minor hills.

The road to Nashua runs like a narrow silver ribbon far off to the southwest.

Beaver Lake snuggles deep amongst the grand pine trees, making a basin of blue which is cherished by all for its Summer and Winter sports.

When my eyes travel back to the west, I scarcely dare to draw a breath when the sun, a gorgeous golden ball is sinking to its rest amid clouds of purple, gold, azure, pink and blue.

Surely this is one of the loveliest spots for the precious privilege of viewing Nature's Handiwork.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold up their tents like Arabs,
And silently steal away."

Edith Burnham '39

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

As Told by a Peasant

On a bright starry night many, many years ago, a campfire burned cheerily. A group of peasants were gathered round it, their attention focussed on one who, after the custom of the time, was telling a story. This is the tale he told.

"It was the saddest day that England ever knew, that day that Arthur died—'passed on' he called it. I saw it all with my own eyes. I was hidden in the bushes hoping to get a glimpse of our king. I did see him—but what a sight! Besides the bold Sir Bedivere, I was the last one to see him alive. I saw how he killed that foul traitor Modred with his brand Excalibur. But that fight cost him his life. He was sorely wounded and could scarcely speak. He seemed very discouraged. Poor man, none could blame him. His wife and his best friend had proved false. His whole round table had collapsed and he felt his life had been a failure.

He remembered one thing, though. He commanded Sir Bedivere to cast Excalibur into the lake from whence it had come, and then to tell him what

he had seen. Sir Bedivere took the sword and went away. I followed him at a distance out of curiosity. But the bold Sir Bedivere was not strong-willed enough to part with it. He hid the sword because of the value of the hilt. I can hardly blame him. It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. He returned to Arthur but the king knew that Bedivere had not done as he had been told. Arthur sent him again, but again Bedivere hid the sword. When he returned, Arthur was terribly angry and threatened the knight. So Bedivere really threw the brand into the lake. I did not see what happened as I was keeping watch over the king, but it must have been an awesome sight, for Bedivere returned much moved.

Then when the great Arthur was dying, there came a dusky barge bearing three queens clad in mourning clothes. They wailed with great sorrow. Arthur commanded Sir Bedivere to place him on the barge. When he had made his farewells to Bedivere, the barge moved slowly off to the magic island of Avilion. It finally faded into the mist and the wailing died away. Arthur was seen no more by mortal men. But they say he will come again."

Lesley Peart '40

VISITORS TO THE OTHER WORLD

I started out one morning in my special monoplane for the Planet Mars. I had with me a lady friend, twenty-seven years of age, making her five years my senior. She was the navigator of our expedition.

Nothing exciting happened until about 3:05 by my watch. Until now we had seen no signs of the Planet Mars but suddenly there loomed up ahead of us a large spot that looked like an island. Although it gradually grew still larger I knew that we wouldn't reach the place for several hours.

As we neared the place the air became intensely thick so my companion got up to open our one small window while I took her place at the controls. She had no sooner stuck her head outside to get a breath of fresh air than the window came plunging down on the back of her head. It must have knocked her unconscious as she didn't answer to my frantic calls. I gave the window a jerk upward with just enough space left underneath so she could get her head out, but she made no move. At last I pulled the back of her shirt and she slipped through the window onto the floor. There was little or nothing I could do for my friend as I was piloting our plane during the whole excitement. Thinking my friend to be only stunned and not seriously hurt, I directed my attention to the island and landed there at exactly 5:13 by my watch.

I revived my companion with a drink of cool water from our thermos and left her sitting propped up on our supplies while I went out to view the country around me. After walking but a few feet from the plane, I heard a loud tramping noise behind me, and turning around, I saw the queerest looking creature I had ever laid eyes upon. I don't know whether it was a man or an animal so great was my excitement. The person didn't seem at all barbarous, however, as it made no attempt to harm me, but just stood and stared. I can describe this creature in that he had a head like that of a pig with thick black hair flowing down his back. He had a tail of extreme length and teeth of immense size!

For a moment I forgot all about Mars or that this creature might just be some freak who guarded the entrance to the place. Being nearly overcome with fear, I rushed to my plane, leaped through the open door, closed and locked it in less time than it takes to tell. My companion had again lapsed into unconsciousness, and I could see by the bump on the back of her head that she was quite badly hurt. So frightened was I that I just sat and stared at the creature through the window as he approached our cab. To my surprise, he opened the locked door with one jerk and entered the plane. I sat still gazing at him as he approached Patricia, my friend, picked up some gauze bandage and other First Aid articles from the floor and started administering First Aid just the way a human would do! He spent about ten minutes bandaging her head then got up and left the plane without so much as a Goodbye! I watched him kneel down on his knees at a distance of about twelve feet from the plane, dig a deep hole with his hands and crawl into it.

This was the last I ever saw of our queer friend, and as soon as I could get the courage I started our plane for home.

My friend did not awaken until some minutes later when I told her everything that had happened. We promised each other never to tell a soul about what had happened as I knew that if it did get out, there would be no one to prove what I said to be true, because Pat was unconscious during the entire experience.

That adventure happened to me so long ago that it seems almost like a dream, but somehow I couldn't keep it in any longer. My friend and I haven't seen each other for years now, but I know that the last time I saw her, her head was completely healed. This experience has been weighing on my mind for so long that I just had to tell it to someone. Those of you who don't believe it ever happened, please just take it as a Fairy Tale.

Mary Young '41

BOOK REVIEW

"ALONE"

by

Richard Evelyn Byrd

Byrd's original intentions, as I interpreted them, were to transport a small compact, portable hut, for the purpose of accommodating three persons to the Antarctic Base; but physical obstacles made it impossible to transport the three men in safety, to the Base. So in a moment of gallant self-sacrifice, Byrd, "alone" endured perpetual night for five months. . . . Therein lies the current story of Byrd's solitude—from which emerges a strangely moving philosophy that Byrd himself has amplified and analyzed.

There are two narrators in this Antarctic Saga—Byrd, the philosopher, and Byrd, the explorer. The man of action is by far the more absorbing of the two. The reader learns many hidden scientific factors, hitherto unknown, besides sharing a vast sympathy for Byrd's intense desire to unearth from within himself a philosophy that would give to him moral support. In this I believe he

only partially succeeded. Gas fumes, the deadly cold, incapacity of radio connections, all seemed to adequately serve in poisoning any degree of conscious thinking beyond the thought of survival.

Running like a hidden eddy, is Byrd's unintentional portrait of heroism for the mere sake of heroism—in which he unconsciously is being influenced by the imperishable legend of his idolized hero, Captain Scott. Rather a notable heroism, even if one is made aware of the motive.

In conclusion, I am reminded of the words of one of the Byrd crew, which perhaps more than represents our sentiments:

"My God, that's going to a lot of trouble to find out what my feet keep telling me: that it's a damn cold place!"

OUR BOOK SHELF

Bernard Rubin: "Black Is My True Love's Hair".

Fran McKay: "Sailor on Horseback".

DuVarney, Blanchard, Bernier: "March to Quebec".

Robert Frye: "Little Man, What Now?"

Mr. Tenney: "I'm a Stranger Here Myself".

Mr. Gaskill: "My Son, My Son".

Arlene Ladd: "Those First Affections"

P. A. Campus: "Green Pastures".

Pinkerton: "The Citadel".

Nelson Tewksbury: "Drums".

Marilyn Hamilton: "Life With Mother".

Mr. Wheelock: "Rats, Lice and History".

Mr. Hinkle: "How to Sing in Six Easy Lessons".

Clyde Densmore: "We are Ten".

Howard Bunker: "This *Was* a Poet".

Edith Burnham: "Maidcraft".

Miss Billings: "First Person Plural".

Mr. Rider: "Room Service".

Virginia Bloomfield: "Hawaii Calls".

Jacqueline O'Brien: "The Stubborn Way".

Richard Durkee: "Son of Tarzan".

Osborne Stone: "Ski-ing From A to Z".

Frank O'Neil: "Gone to Texas".

Virginia Woodward: "Assignment in Utopia".

Smart and Simpson: "Each to the Other".

Mrs. McMasters: "Yes, My Darling Daughter".

Ray Richards: "Listen the Wind".



Poetry Section

Let me dream—
I am youth: expectant youth,
This is my springtime.
Mine are the winged dreams of beauty,
Mine are the kindled flames of love.
Let me try my wings,
Let me soar the heavens
To grasp that emblem of eternal faith.
'Tis as fleeting as a shadow.

Now all too well I know
My lust for fame is but a dream.
So now my plea goes up,
Let me live, let me love, let me suffer,
And though I may never share
In that quiet afterglow—
Knowing stark reality,
I shall call Life my friend.

Phyllis Dicey '39

HURRICANE TIMBER

Pines so tall
Just had to fall,
Like noble men
Who fought, and then
Lost.

Kendall Smith '42

MY FIREPLACE

Beside my open fireplace
I dream of the days gone by.
In every flame I see your face,
And that far away look in your eye.

And as the burning embers die,
As the flowers of spring die too,
There's nothing in my fireplace,
But broken dreams of you.

Charles Perkins '39

GRANDMOTHER TOLD US A STORY

Grandmother told us a story,
Yes, I can hear it now,
'Twas of Lake Tsienneto
Of Indian lovers, and how
They were forced to leave
Each other,
But he
Promised to return.
So for months she waited
And for him did yearn,
Just when she got to feeling
Too awful, awful blue,
She heard across the waters
Her lover's fond, "Hoo, hoo".

Today if you stop to listen,
Grandma says you still can hear,
Two Indian lovers' love call
'Cross the waters, plain and clear.

Vincent Cassidy '41

FROM MY WINDOW

From my window on a sunny morn
I can see in the east a lovely dawn,
The sky is red, as when in the west
The sun sinks behind the pines for a rest.

I can see the dew on the new mown hay,
The farmer as he begins his eventful day,
The many birds as they flit to and fro,
And the pond that is slowly going low.

I can see the cows being driven to pasture
By the collie who barks and makes them go faster.
The cow bells tinkle and bang and clash
As each bows his head to feed on the grass.

The wind blows the clouds about in the sky,
And makes the old pines sway and sigh.
My window is a precious thing
I wouldn't exchange it for anything.

Howard Bunker '39

SYMPHONY

I always thought that pines
Were mournful trees,
And the wind made lonely sounds
In their tall branching.
But now they are song and company to me,
For I have lived with pines
Upon a hill, through
A summer's brief, bright ecstasy.

Virginia Bloomfield '39

ODE TO A VIOLET

Blooming in early spring
Along some mossy bank,
Partly hidden by a shaded dell—
And even venturing up a wasted hillside,
Stooping clusters of leaves
Partly concealing—as in life,
Its shining beauty on a slender stalk.

Celia Borowski '39

CLASS NOTES

SENIORS

On December 21, 1938, the Faculty gave a Christmas Dance, the proceeds of which were turned over to the Seniors. It is hardly necessary to add how much this has been appreciated by the class.

With the help of all the Seniors "Little Jimmie Jones" was presented in Adams Memorial Hall, January 31. How could it help but be a success with the sterling cast, and producer Howard Wheelock, presenting it!

Miss Theresa Bernier (Tessie to us) was officially announced president of the class of '39, and Charles Perkins was elected to take her former place as vice-president, with the whole-hearted approval of his classmates.

Those ever-athletic Senior boys broke the spell which the Juniors had wound around the Basketball trophy, and captured it. Now the trophy rests on the mantle of Room 6. That was surely a happy day for Captain Marcotte and his gang!

Senior Slips

V. Smith: My hair is just full of electricity!

F. Gardner: Why of course. It's connected with a dry cell!

Mr. Wheelock: Your recitation reminds me of Quebec.

C. Gordon: How is that?

Mr. Wheelock: Built on a bluff.

Rubin: Now Fran, you keep away from that hole in the ice.

Fran: Why can't I skate over there? Tewksbury is.

Rubin: That's altogether different. "Tewk" is insured.

Langy: Didn't you hear me calling you yesterday afternoon when you were going into the drug store?

Perk: Sure, but I only had the price of one soda.

Richards: (While interviewing a visiting celebrity), Do you believe in clubs for women?

Well, er-yes, but only if kindness fails!

R. Bagley: Now remember. When you are waiting on the table tonight don't spill anything!

G. Hook: Don't worry. I never talk much.

L. Daniels: Did she accept quickly when you asked her to dance?

J. Boyce: Did she! She was on my feet in an instant!

Bernier: Why are you so sure there is no life on Mars?

Wright: Well, they've never asked the U. S. for a loan or dumped their minorities on the world.

Pieroni: I went to bed last night and dreamed I died.

Parmenter: And the heat woke you up?

JUNIOR DAILYS

Dear Critic:

Even though the wind was blustering and a pair of creepers might have come in handy, the bad weather did not stop the large attendance at the Junior Prom. The affair was a great success with the Chapel decorated in red and blue and very attractive too. Dance melodies were furnished by Jimmie Senter's Blue Rhythm Boys.

Dear Critic:

In an over time period the fighting Juniors lost to their Senior brothers in an attempt to retain the basketball trophy. The Juniors however, mean to have the trophy sitting on their mantel next year.

Dear Critic:

Here is some news to keep between your covers.

The Junior Girls defeated the Seniors in the battle of the season for the girls' basketball trophy. Congratulations girls.

Dear Critic:

Yes, the time is fast drawing near! The Junior Class is to present two one act plays, "The Valiant" and "The Pampered Darling."

"The Valiant" is a stirring drama of a boy's fight against fear and "The Pampered Darling" is a fast moving comedy of youth.

Save the date! April 14—Adams Memorial Hall.

What Would Happen If —————

Certain Junior boys didn't have to be in at nine.
 Virginia Gratton's man really came.
 Howard Hamblett was cast as a lover.
 The Junior Boys played the Seniors again.
 Johnie Byrnes lost his quietness.
 All the Juniors were at school ten minutes before the last bell.
 Robert Dion lost his luck.

Song Titles (Our Junior High)

"Here We Are"—In the principal's office.
 "Monday Morning"—Back to the brain factory.
 "There's a Far Away Look in Your Eyes"—Until 2:30.
 "Doing the Lambeth Walk"—To classes.
 "I Haven't Changed a Thing"—My mark is still the same.
 "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams"—When I have an A.
 "Once in a While"—Doing homework.
 "Teacher's Pet"—Doing homework.
 "Small Fry"—Should be in your classroom.
 "So Help Me"—If I don't get on the honor roll.

(Beverly Buckler) Stoneham High School

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Green the sea, white the sails,
 '41's the crew,
 With fight and sport,
 We'll reach the port,
 And bear our colors through.

The white sails of the ship of "41" caught the wind and slowly the good ship set out to sea on the second term of school daze or days, depending on the pupil. On board, the class of "41", with Mr. Wheelock as adviser, is determined as ever to reach the port and bear (that reminds me of Spafford's coat) our colors through.

During part of the voyage Arline Joyce tried to swim ashore. She was soon picked up again, however, and continued to be part of the crew. The new members of the class, Claire Griffin and Carl Tewksbury, seem to be getting along all right now. We didn't see much of Claire for a while. I tried to find out who Doris Plimpton went with. Somebody said it was Wilbur. Carl Guinesso and Henry Plimpton are so quiet that all I could learn about them was they are still Sophomores. They keep out of trouble anyway. By the way, Hanson sure knows his lambs. Who said which kind? Legg is another hard one to get anything on. However, reports say he is very systematic.

Sophomores in Sports

The Sophomore boys faired pretty well in basketball in the first half. They came out third. In the second half they were less fortunate. Pinkerton does

not appear to be alone in not being able to have a sufficient number of Sophomores in sports. Down in Beverly High they have the same trouble. From an item in their magazine, "The Aegis" entitled "Sophomores in Sports", we find: "If more Sophomores report for sports in the future, their teams will inevitably show an improvement." The Sophomore girls also came in third in the first-half and third again in the second-half.

Sophomore Sauce

Mr. Crooker: Russel, can you tell me the battle in which King Gustavos Adolphus of Sweden was slain?

Faubert: I dunno, but I'm pretty sure it was his last.

Teacher: What are the Middle Ages?

Ruth Beckford: They used to be from 35 to 50 but now they're from 50 to 70.

Miss Page: Althea, What's a Grecian Urn?

Hawkins: It all depends on what he does.

Miss Billings: Name two pronouns.

R. Morse: Who? Me?

FRESHMAN NOTES

The week before Christmas Vacation, Mr. Harriman and Miss Aldrich chose a nominating committee which was to vote on candidates for the election of class officers. This committee consisted of:

Beth Ingalls

Leon Dick

Pauline Shepard

Vincent Ferdinando

The committee was to consider the different possibilities for the officers during the vacation.

A week after vacation the ballots were passed out and the Freshmen chose the following officers:

President PHILIP PELLETIER

Vice-President SUZANNE ROUNDS

Secretary REBECCA WILLIAMSON

Treasurer CLIFFORD MACDOUGAL

Student Council BETH INGALLS

GAIL WESTON

The class colors were also chosen after a series of class meetings. They are black and silver. The banner was made by Beth Ingalls and Gladys Watts. After the selection of the colors, we voted on a class cheer. The one that got the majority vote was written by Elizabeth Smith. Here it is!

Locomotive, colored black,

Silver is our steam.

Straight ahead, lies our track

We'll hit it good and clean.

'42! '42! '42!

The Freshman boys started out right on top by winning the inter-class football banner. The banner was presented by Mr. Bell to the captain, George Katsakories. '42 is proud of its team and hopes it will keep up the good work in future games.

It's the Talk of '42

1. Nichols, we all know Pauline is a nice little girl, but why do you always use algebra as an excuse to talk to her?
2. Dicey, you know the back seat of a car is much more comfortable, but I suppose if Lewis does all of the driving you kind of have to sit in front, don't you?
3. Good luck to you Rebecca, but Hilberg's got her eye on him too!
4. "Candy" rather kept the mail man busy, didn't he Smittie? Especially, when he was at Franconia Notch!
5. It seems good to have a Ferdinando around, especially when the bull is so popular! Do you like to smell the pretty flowers too, Vincent?
6. You'll never have to worry about walking home alone, Beth, when we have such capable escorts in our class. I guess Dion, Hall and Booky have been making themselves very useful lately.
7. Keep up your courage, Gail, you'll have her all to yourself, someday!
8. I wonder what's the matter with our president. He seems terribly grouchy lately.
9. Lucky thing for you, Larmondra, when Miles moved away, don't you think?
10. Londonderry's a pretty nice place, isn't it Gladys? By the way who runs the er-a General Store?
11. What is there about grammar school that attracts you, Beth?

Pardon Me, My Mistake

Mr. Wheelock: What's the most famous piece of wood in the world?

Wilson: Charlie McCarthy, I guess.

Williamson: George Sheldon kept staring at me in the movies last night!

Ingalls: Where was he? I didn't notice.

Williamson: He was sitting right in back of us.

Mr. Harriman: But how could skin trouble give you a broken arm?

Chadwick: It was a banana skin.

Allgeyer: I know fish is brain food, but I don't care much for fish. Isn't there some other brain food?

Burnett: Well, there's noodle soup!

Mr. Clark: Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have a hundred years ago?

Shepard: Me!

Usher: How far down do you wish to sit lady?

Smith: All the way down, of course!

BASKETBALL

The Academy squad was made up of boys who were totally untried in varsity competition with but one exception, Captain Robert Holm. He was the only letterman left from last year and he served as the nucleus around which Coach Thomas M. Clark had to build his team.

Although unsuccessful at the first part of the year against their more experienced opponents, their showing at the end of the season was favorable and enables us to look forward to a successful season in 1940.

Individual Records

Name	Games	Bask.	F.P.	T.S.	P.F.	F.S.
Ball, F.	8	17	14	48	19	20
Holm, R.	8	16	14	46	16	30
Dasky, E.	8	6	5	17	12	14
Morin, B.	8	3	3	9	4	11
Barka, E.	8	4	0	8	9	3
Faubert, R.	6	1	1	3	2	2
Senter, R.	7	0	2	2	6	10
Dion, R.	7	1	0	2	4	0
Marcotte, A.	5	0	1	1	1	2
Sives, J.	2	0	1	1	0	1
Boyce, J.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Byrne, J.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Cote, A.	2	0	0	0	0	0

INTER-CLASS ATHLETICS

This year as in years past an Inter-class Basketball League was formed with all classes participating. This gives boys who are not varsity material a chance to develop their ability.

The competition in the league was well matched, even the class of '42 developed so as to seriously threaten the leading contender for the championship.

Champions for two years, the Juniors were out pointed by a veteran Senior team for the first half of the championship.

Not to be out done, the class of '40 made the road to the championship rough by winning the second half.

In a memorable game that was held Saturday evening, February 18, the championship was played off.

Fighting to retain their hold upon the trophy, the Juniors took the lead and paced by Captain Armond Cote held it until the fourth quarter. In that period the Seniors who had waited four years for their moment, came from behind to tie up the score. In the over time period the Juniors saw the trophy slide out of their hands when the Seniors found the range to win 17-14.

What a game!

BOYS' INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

Final Standing

First Half

	Won	Lost
Seniors	5	1
Juniors	3	3
Sophomores	3	3
Freshmen	1	5

Second Half

	Won	Lost
Juniors	5	1
Seniors	4	2
Freshmen	2	4
Sophomores	1	5

The Members of the Inter-Class Teams

Seniors:

Captain, Albert Marcotte
 Bernard Rubin
 John Boyce
 Russell Goodchild
 Chester Bickford
 Nelson Tewksbury
 Ray Richards
 Stanley Brudzisz

Juniors:

Captain, Armond Cote
 Arthur Kenney
 James Greco
 John Sives
 Walter Davis
 Edward Gelt
 Howard Hamblett

Sophomores:

Captain, Russell Faubert
 Harold Bean
 Joseph Guilbeault
 Frank Levandowski
 Elwin Bailey

Freshmen:

Captain, Gail Weston
 Franklin Allegeyer
 Leonard Simpson
 John Levandowski
 Rolland Dion
 Arthur Mills
 Nahun Bickford

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

A few days after the final game had been played in Field Hockey, Mr. Bell and Miss Aldrich presented the following girls with field hockey pins:

Ruth Bagley '39

Louise Pieroni '39

Virginia Smith '39

Eleanor Stanton '39

Demetra Kachavos '39

Virginia Woodward '39

Doris Buzzell '39

Evelyn Chadwick '40

Virginia Gratton '40

Doris Gedney '40

Kathryn Fay '40

Pearl Bellavance '40

Barbara Brooks '42

Evangeline Bennett '42

On behalf of the field hockey girls, Ruth Bagley presented Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, Coach, with a field hockey pin as a token of sincere thanks and appreciation.

The basketball season opened November 29, with the following elected and appointed officers officiating:

Richard Gonye	Coach
Beulah Page	Faculty Adviser
Virginia Smith	Varsity Captain
Janet Messier	Varsity Manager
Doris Gedney	Assistant Varsity Manager
Bertha Smith	Assistant Varsity Manager
Rae Parmenter	Senior Captain
Marilyn Hall	Junior Captain
Helen Kisielewski	Sophomore Captain
Elizabeth Smith	Freshmen Captain

The girls' varsity basketball squad played six games this year. Two games were with St. Joseph High School of Manchester, N. H., two with Methuen High School of Methuen, Mass., and two with Sanborn Seminary of Kingston, N. H. The results of these games were as follows:

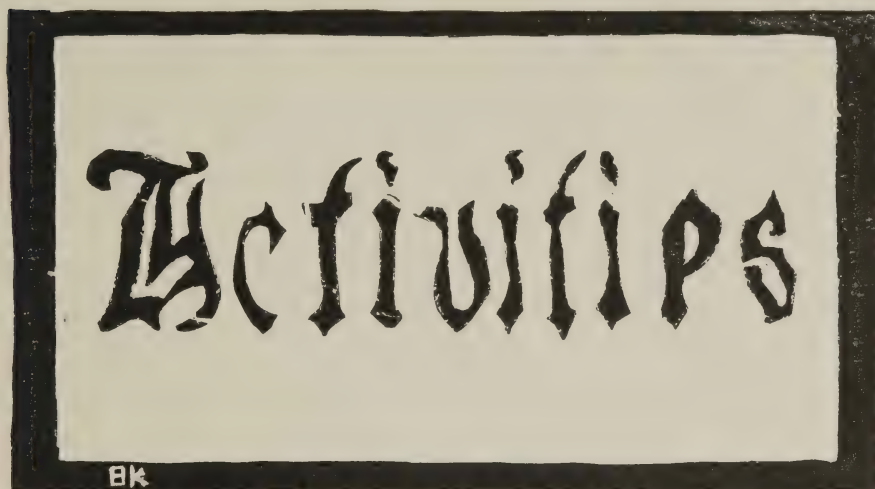
January 12.....	Pinkerton, 19; Methuen, 25
January 25.....	Pinkerton, 11; Sanborn, 18
January 30.....	Pinkerton, 11; St. Joseph, 17
February 8.....	Pinkerton, 32; Methuen, 20
February 20.....	Pinkerton, 30; St. Joseph, 20
February 23.....	Pinkerton, 25; Sanborn, 18

The varsity squad of 1938-1939 consisted of the following players:

P. Bellavance	G. Hook
T. Bernier	M. Hall
M. Boyce	L. Pieroni
E. Chadwick	V. Smith
K. Fay	R. Sullivan
F. Gardner	B. Torrey
V. Gratton	E. Trudel

A rather enthusiastic group of girls entered into the class games this year. From beginning to end the Juniors and the Seniors were determined to win the trophy, but as we all know both teams could not win. The Seniors were winners of the first half and the Juniors were winners of the second half. At the final game the Juniors were victorious, the final score being Juniors 18, Seniors 14.

At this time, on behalf of the basketball squad, I wish to thank Mr. Bell, Mr. Gonye, Miss Page, and any others who helped to make this season a success.



THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club called "Les Alouettes", is made up of the third year French class and its adviser, Miss Beulah Page. Each meeting is given over to studying some phase of French life. The officers are:

<i>President</i>	JACQUELINE O'BRIEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	LOUISE PIERONI
<i>Secretary</i>	ELEANOR STANTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA WOODWARD

The club is keeping a scrap book in which are the accounts of its activities. The meetings are held at the various members' homes, approximately once every month. Activities for the year have included a Christmas Party, a French Play, a talk by Miss Patricia Peart on a French film and other equally interesting and instructive meetings.

GIRL RESERVE NOTES

On February 7, the Girl Reserves of Pinkerton Academy held their Annual Club Bazaar in the school Auditorium, attended by a fairly good sized audience.

In the rear of the hall prettily decorated booths displayed pastry, ice cream, punch, candy and grabs. Interesting games were enjoyed by the men.

The following program was announced by Kathryn Fay, following a greeting to the audience from the Club President, Virginia Woodward:

Novelty Tap Dance	Pearl Bellavance
	Virginia Gratton
Vocal Solo	Carol Campbell

Novelty Quartet:

Doris Dumont	Helen Kisielewski
Carol Campbell	Barbara Weston
Poem	Beth Ingalls
Vocal Solo	Ruth Morse
Monologue	Mary Young

Three Folk Dances followed, in which a number of the girls took part.

Following this program a Professor Quiz contest was held, conducted by Doris Gedney and her assistant, Mary Young. Those submitting the correct answers were awarded bright colored lead pencils.

After this exciting battle of wits, Mr. Crooker led a Virginia Reel in which the audience as well as the Girl Reserves took part.

Food was auctioned off until a late hour by Elizabeth Smith to whom much credit is due.

A good time was had by all.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Early in November, a new club made its way through the portals of Pinkerton Academy: The Pinkerton Philatelic Society, with Mr. Wheelock as faculty adviser. The officers are:

<i>President</i>	PATRICIA DUBEAU
<i>Vice-President</i>	GLENN WRIGHT
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA TUPPER
<i>Treasurer</i>	KENDALL SPAFFORD

The object of the society is to promote interest in stamp collecting. Many enjoyable meetings have been spent during which the members have discussed stamps and fields connected with stamp collecting, such as: postal markings, cancellations, and precancels. Numerous interesting talks have been given by the members, and it is hoped that as much interest will be shown in the future as there has been in the past.

THE PRESENT DAY HISTORY CLASS

Eighteen students meet four times a week in the Present Day History Class, which is under the guidance of Mr. Wheelock. The topics of the day are discussed and some of the government problems are solved by the students—at least in their own minds!

The aims of the class are:

1. To become better acquainted with the affairs of today and the people who make them.
2. To weigh newspaper articles as to their truth, sincerity, reliability and value.
3. To attempt to see both sides of controversial subjects.

The class has organized a notebook in which are kept the clippings that have been brought to the class and discussed. Each member has been provided with a notebook which contains written material and graphs which will aid him in his discussions.

The Dairy, Poultry, and Livestock teams took first place in their respective contests. Pinkerton also took the grand sweepstakes prize. Basil Morin was the highest individual scorer in all the contest.

On October 6, 1938 the Pinkerton School Fair was held. Fruits, vegetables, eggs and milk were exhibited in the school chapel. Hogs, ducks, turkeys and poultry were exhibited at the school farm. From 6 to 7 o'clock a bean supper was sponsored by the Agricultural and Home Economics Classes. Aside from the fruit, vegetable, and livestock displays, several educational exhibits were shown. Both the fair and the supper were considered to be most successful.

On January 5, Agriculture III and IV killed two barrows. This was a day well spent. The students did all of the work but the sticking. Work of this kind is most worthwhile to the students and a great deal of practical knowledge is gained.

The Annual Father and Son Banquet, sponsored by the Clicking Clan Chapter of Future Farmers of America, was held in Association Hall, Thursday evening, January 26, 1939, with about 90 fathers, sons, and guests present. The main speaker of the evening was Professor L. V. Tirrell, Head of Animal Husbandry at the University of New Hampshire. He gave a very interesting talk on, "The Place of Livestock on New Hampshire Farms."

Eggs were exhibited at the New Hampshire Egg and Baby Chick Show in Concord, on the 8, 9 and 10 of February. Mr. Richard Becker received a first prize on his eggs with a score of 94.5 points. Basil Morin received a score of 94.25 points, winning a third prize. Those who exhibited eggs and went to the show were Basil Morin, Richard Becker, James Gagnon, and George Jodoin.

On February 20 and 21 nine students from Pinkerton's Agricultural Classes went on a Boston Marketing Tour. The Westminster Hotel served as headquarters for the group, and the following places were visited: Squire's slaughter and packing plant, First National Egg Plant, Boston Fertilizer Company, Faneuil Hall Market, New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company, Regional Produce Market, Phillips and Son's Live Poultry, Brighton's Stock Yards,—a fruit auction, and Hood's Milk Plant. These places were of great interest and the students were very much impressed. They had a chance to see for themselves what a large market Boston really is.

Basil Morin, Reporter

SENIOR AMAZONS DEFEAT BOYS 28-26

It was an over-confident Senior Boys' Team that took the floor to play in the traditional game with the Senior Girls. "Pride goeth before the fall" an old adage says, and such was the case yesterday. The boys, trying to imitate the female of the species brought about many humorous situations that kept the spectators in gales of laughter. But all good things must come to an end, and so the game was brought to a close with the sorrowful defeat of the boys, thus proving that the girls are still the dominant members of the Class of '39. In the time honored custom, the Senior boys participating in the game, attended Chapel Friday morning in bandages and splints to further prove the female is more deadly than the male.

SENIOR PLAY CAST TRIP

On Friday, March 3, the Senior Play Cast went on a trip to Boston.

At 4:15 the group gathered at the Family Drug Store, eager to start. Finally everyone was present and with much bustling, the cast piled into three cars driven by Mr. Clark, Mr. Wheelock, and Mr. Conner, respectively, and started on its way.

Everything went smoothly, and the group met at the R. K. O. at approximately 6:45. Since the seats were well filled up, the cast scattered over the theatre with instructions to meet in the lobby after the show. On the screen was "Silver on the Sage", and "Smashing the Rackets". On the stage was Don Rice, with six acts of vaudeville which were very interesting. Another feature was the "Professional Auditions" of Boston people.

After the show, the group piled into cars and started for Sailor Tom's and replenished their famine. As usual, the food was very good and also very satisfying. After a stay prolonged by the immense appetites of some of the gourmands (the boys of course!), the homeward route was taken. To borrow a colloquialism, "A good time was had by all!"

Those making the trip were: Theresa Bernier, Edward Dasky, Arline Duvarney, Richard Durkee, Richard Emery, Robert Frye, Chester Gordon, George Hall, Marilyn Hamilton, Arline Ladd, Warren Martell, Charles Perkins, Eleanor Stanton, and three Faculty members, Mr. Clark, Mr. Conner, and Mr. Wheelock.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

That a certain Freshman girl is the cause of quite a stir among some of the junior boys?

That you wouldn't recognize some of the Pinkerton girls in their evening regalia?

That Kathryn Fay and Doris Gedney attract the interest of a certain Senior?

That the Freshman boys are quite the up and coming dancers of Pinkerton Academy?

That Laurice Langelier is being educated in the ways of the world?

That the Senior Home Economics Class is planning homes? (Better watch out boys).

That Mary Young is the cause of bitter rivalry between two Sophomore Romeos?

That lockets with pictures in them are quite the rage among the feminine students of Pinkerton?

That Robert Holm thinks a certain Sophomore girl is pretty nice?

That bicycling is becoming a favorite mode of transportation with the East Derryites?

That the Psychology Class is studying abnormal psychology? (So that's what the matter is with them).

 COMMENTS FROM EVERYWHERE

To escape criticism, live openly. Who ever heard scandal about a gold fish? This country also needs lighter whines.

One of the easiest ways to seek out death in the old days was to blow out the gas. The present way is to step on it.

If you think you're important, remember this: A great many men famous a century ago have weeds growing on their graves.

The only time a horse gets frightened on the road today is when he meets another horse.

A millionaire gives his rule for success—"Never lose your temper." I can think of a better rule: "Never lose anything."

An English clergyman broke into print by saying that there will be a war between sexes. We weren't aware that the present one was over.

Too many men conduct their lives on the cafeteria plan—self service only.

A junk shop near a railroad crossing in Denver carries a sign with this hint to motorists: "Go ahead; take a chance. We'll buy the car."

There are still many obliging Samaritans remaining who would willingly give a cup of cold water. Especially if they can pour it down the back of your neck.

Some people want religion for a kind of fire escape.

Some people want to go to heaven for the same reason they want to go to California—their relatives aren't there.

And while we're on religion—a critic says America needs a new religion. Something perhaps that will ease the conscience and yet not cramp the style.

A New York judge has ruled that a hearse is a pleasure vehicle. Some courts have a distorted idea of what constitutes a good time.

Clerk: What kind of a tooth brush do you want?

Densmore: Give me a big one, boss; there's 10 in my family.

Freshie: Please mother, may I go if I'll be home early?

Soph: Let me go; I'll be in by eleven.

Junior: I'm going.

Senior: Good-night. Leave the door unlocked.

Grandma: Virginia, who was in the parlor last night with you?

V. Bloomfield: Oh, that was only-uh-Theresa.

Grandma: Well, tell Theresa, she left her pipe on the radio.

Charley Ackerman: All boys love their sisters. But I so good have grown, that I love other boys' sisters, far better than my own.

Seniors were born for great things

Sophs were born for small,

But it is not recorded why

Juniors were born at all.

Restaurant Manager (to applicant): Have you any experience in preparing food?

Marilyn Smith: Yes, I used to typewrite menus for P. A.'s Domestic Science Department.



ALUMNI NOTES

There are some new and interesting items about our "38"ers that have occurred since our last publication.

Leona Dumont was elected vice-president of the freshmen class at N. H. U.

Lois Wilson is employed at the New England Tel. and Tel. Company.

Francis MacPherson is now Boy Scout Master of Troop 98, Derry.

Marjorie Hall is the mother of a baby girl, Marjorie Ann.

Henry Dorman has been elected Secretary-treasurer of the Beaver Fish and Game Club.

Gertrude Robertson is attending the N. Y. A. camp in Berlin, N. H.

The engagement of Lucille Morrison to Robert Keniston of Concord was announced February 23.

Here are some "newsy bits" about other graduates and members of Pinkerton.

Annette Senecal, class of 1935, married Daniel Reardon, also of the class of 1935, on October 1, 1938.

Marion Morrison, 1937, is engaged to Alfred Hepworth, class of 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neil (Marion Darling), both of '35, now residing in Athol, Mass., announce the arrival of a son, Brian William.

Marion Holmes, 1937, is attending the N. Y. A. camp in Berlin, N. H.

Virginia F. Smith, 1933, became the bride of Albert Belanger, on February 20, 1939.

Edythe M. Davis, 1934, was married February 20 to Donald A. Beauchamp, '32.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Warren (Mary Hayes ex- 40) announce the arrival of a daughter, Priscilla Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kelley, graduates of 1922, announce the arrival of twins, Lois Edna and William Bradford.

Edward Gonye, 1931, and Claire Ricard, ex '36, have a daughter, born March 17, 1939.

Clarence Patten, 1936, is on the B average list at Syracuse University.

George Uicker, graduate of '35, received "high honor" rank at N. H. U. for the first semester.

Charlotte Sives, 1936, received "high honor" rank at N. H. U. as a junior.

Thomas L. Grady, '36, has been listed for work of exceptional credit at the Vesper George School of Art.

Leona Dumont, '38, is on the Honor List at the University of New Hampshire.

Lurlene Gordon, '36, is on the Honor List at the University of New Hampshire.

It is with deep regret that the death of the following graduates and members of Pinkerton Academy is reported.

Mrs. Walther R. Sanders (Annie Palmer), 1879; died January 28, 1939.

Miss Frances E. Boyd, class of 1883, died January 28, 1939.

Mrs. Mary E. (Crowell) McQuesten, graduate of 1888, died February 9, 1939.

Mrs. Carrie F. Greene Brown, ex- 1890, died March 1, 1939.

Miss Hazel E. Ring, class of 1911, died January 1939.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

Here are a few of our exchanges which make up our rudimentary column. We are anxious to extend it though!

The Aegis—Beverly High School—Beverly, Mass.

We like your extensive literary section. How about some "newsy" items?

Enterprise—Keene High School—Keene, N. H.

You have some especially nice cuts. Your novelty columns attract attention, also.

The Lakonian—Laconia High School—Laconia, N. H.

This is a real "newsy" paper.

Academy Mike—Kentville—Nova Scotia.

Your column, "The Knose", is especially good.

The Blue and White—Methuen High School—Methuen, Mass.

This is a compact magazine which has something of everything in it—but we like a bigger literary section. "On the QT" appeals to us.

Cape Breton Gateway—Port Hawesbury High School—Nova Scotia.

We welcome this new exchange, the contributions of which show good school spirit.

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